

SEE THE STRANGE & SHADY SIDE OF LIFE!

Nothing is too VIOLENT
or too CRUEL for them--

AND TRY TO IMAGINE
THAT THESE BARBARIANS
WILL LIVE NEXT DOOR!

SLIMETIME

NUMBER 13, DECEMBER 1987

"WE SLEAZE TO PLEASE"

The crazed love of a
Prehistoric giant for a
ravishing teen-age girl!



EEGAH!

(THE NAME WRITTEN IN BLOOD)

"Whenever you see a film critic, pick up a brick and throw it at him..."

No great damage can be done to his head." --Jonas Mekas

Yes, here's the last SLIMETIME of 1987, and it's just in time to act as an antidote for the merry Xmas season. Everytime you turn on the TV in December, there's some sentimental claptrap parading past your eyes---telling you how wonderful Christmas is, while they try to sell you every bit of cheapjack merchandise they can suck out of your wallet...Well, here's our usual bunch of nasty, racist films to liven up the holidays. Acidheads, pimps, psychos, and satanists---they're all here in their scummy yuletide glory...As always, mail subscriptions to SLIMETIME are \$3 for the next six editions, and back issues (#2-12) are 50¢ each, to: SLIMETIME, c/o S.Puchalski, 1108 E. Genesee St.#103, Syracuse, NY 13210

EEGAH! (1963): Just when you think you've seen every type of teen exploitation flick imaginable, here's another brilliant new concept---what if an 8-foot-tall prehistoric caveman named Eegah (complete with club and animal skin) made his way to civilization? Well, this could have been a great film, but in the hands of director/producer Arch Hall Sr. (using the pseudonym Nicholas Marshall) it turns into a minor motion picture with enough idiocy to keep you watching, even if you aren't exactly enjoying yourself...It starts off when a teenybopper (Marilyn Manning) catches a sighting of the creature and spreads the word. Of course, most of the townsfolk don't believe one bit of her story, so Marilyn, her dad (played by Arch Hall Sr., under yet another pseudonym, William Watters), and her greasy heartthrob (Arch Hall Jr.) head into the desert in their dune buggy to search for the swinging cromagnon. You want action?! You want excitement?! Well, there ain't a speck of it here! Only loads of pathetic laughter at watching Richard Kiel (once again typecast as The Big Whatzit) in a Kmart wig and beard, gurgling incoherent Cavemansese ("Urgh. Lubba bluh..."). Actually, it kinda reminded me of Stallone's dialogue in "Rambo". Eventually, Marilyn and her dad are kidnapped, and we learn that Eegah isn't such a bad guy after all---he's just a misunderstood lug who wants nothing more than a few friends to liven up his Lifestyle of the Ugly and Unintelligible...See Eegah shave for the first time! See Eegah bring Marilyn flowers! See Eegah rip Marilyn's blouse when his hormones kick into third gear! And would you believe that all this action is stretched into 92 minutes of screen time? There was more plot in any half-hour episode of "It's About Time". During the last ten minutes our heroic escape and Eegah cries 96 tears for his lost love, before heading toward the town. He wants his woman back (!) and he smashes down prop doors and smells his way to Marilyn's house---finally running amok at a teen pool party. Even the ending is pretty lame, but since it's the most exciting part of this fiasco, I won't bitch too much...On the performing side, Arch Hall Jr. sings up an offkey storm, proving once again that any guy off the street can become a movie star if his father is directing the picture. And wait until you hear the songs he treats' us to---my fucking god! He makes Barry "Shitstick" Manilow look like Bob Dylan! Just be

prepared to leave the room the moment Arch Jr. picks up his guitar and exercises his tonsils...Not the Badfilm classic I was hoping for, but "Eegah!" is temporarily amusing if you're in the mood to have your intelligence insulted and your brain softened. --Steve Fuchalski

THE TRIP (1967): This film has the distinction of being the first release from a major studio to deal sorta-honestly with the subject of LSD. Preceding it were fly-by-night flicks such as "Hallucination Generation" and "The Weird World of LSD" (not to mention an occasionally intelligent entr like "Cappuccino" with Burroughs and Ginsberg), but "The Trip"

was the first mass-market look at Acid ("You come as close to experiencing a freakout as you probably want to come. Or dare to come," proclaimed the ads), all from the diseased minds of scriptwriter Jack Nicholson and director Roger Corman. Rumor has it that Nicholson's pro-LSD script was nixed a bit by Corman (who actually tripped before beginning the project and had quite a nice time), and then American International decided to add an idiotic anti-drug prologue and last-moment epilogue onto the film to convince viewers that this film didn't advocate the experimentation with mind-altering drugs after all (yeah, right). Well, the truth be told, Corman simply wanted to translate the easiness of an acid trip onto film and let the audiences make their own judgements. And even though he sillied it all up with traditional movieland hallucinations (masked riders and dwarves leftover from his latest Poe film), "The Trip" is still immensely enjoyable on a purely entertainment level, especially for audiences who know, and can laugh along. Relatively clean-cut Peter Fonda stars as Paul, a TV commercial director who feels the pressure of his personal and professional life, and wants to learn more about LSD. In his search for enlightenment, he runs into Dr. Bruce Dern, who is probably the most paranoia-inducing drug-connection I've ever seen. (Who in hell would want someone as bug-eyed-chizo as Dern leading them through their first acid trip?) Of course, Fonda scurries off the moment Dern turns his back (Peter hallucinates that he killed Dr. Dern, which isn't a bad idea, considering what an asshole the guy had been), and Peter's subsequent adventures include a visit to a laundromat (where he thinks someone is trapped in a dryer), wandering through freaky nightclubs, entering strange houses and watching TV, staring at an orange, getting trapped inside a throbbing closet (don't you hate it when that happens?), and mysterious encounters with all sorts of groovy chicks. Even Dennis Hopper makes a quick appearance to add some inspired, rambling dialogue to the film. And check out the wallpaper at The Hop's pad. Holy psychedelics, Batman!...There's plenty of strobes, colored lights and hand-held camerawork, and even if it's all pretty idiotic and pretentious at times, it's still easy to enjoy "The Trip" as a time capsule from the late-60's. You certainly won't be seeing a film like this made during Reagan's piss-in-a-bottle jastapo-ers. ("The Trip" will be shown on Saturday, Dec. 12 on a double bill with Corman & Fonda's "The Wild Angels" at 7p.m. in Gifford Auditorium on the S.U. campus. Only \$2.) --Steve Fuchalski

MORE FILM 'ZINES: Gary Svehla's MIDNIGHT MARQUEE just arrived in my mailbox, and it gets a solid recommendation. Gary's been publishing this annual 'zine since 1964 and MM is one of the best. 48 full-size pages devoted to SF/horror/fantasy, from recent schlock to past classics, and Gary's latest issue features talks with Linnea Quigley and Bill ("The Giant Spider Invasion") Rebane, articles on "The Evil Dead" films, "Fiend Without a Face", "First Man into Space", and William Castle's "13 Ghosts". There's also a passel of film reviews and a surprisingly intelligent (in other words, I agreed with a lot of it) "Best and Worst in Horror and Science Fiction Cinema" listing. As far as I'm concerned, anyone who acknowledges the diverse likes of "Private Parts", "The Brain From Planet Arous" and "Dark Intruder" deserves a round of applause. This year's edition is \$3.50, to: Midnight Marquee, 4000 Glenmar Ave., Baltimore, MD 21206 (make checks payable to Richard Svehla).. Hugh Gallagher's THE MANIAC SHOPPER is a newsletter for collectors of horror and fantasy. Printed three times a year, their 4th issue is primarily filled with ads for all manner of strangeness---

A LOVELY SORT OF DEATH



-movie videos, model kits, masks, photos, and (of course) sleazy 'sines. Plus, in between ads, ugh manages to squeeze in ten reviews for video schlockola such as "Video Violence", "Castle of he Creeping Flesh" and "Famous T & A". Although it's sparse on the reading side, MANIAC SHOPPER s a good guide for sleazy mail-order products. Copies are \$2 each, and \$5 for a full year's worth. o: Draculina Publishing, P.O. Box 115, Moro, IL 62067...

HOUSE OF PSYCHOTIC WOMEN ("Los Ojos Azules de la Muneca Rota") (1973): Let's hear it for Paul Naschy, who starred in all those amazing Spanish monster movies, such as "Dracula's Great Love", "Vez...ance of the Mummy" and "Frankenstein's Bloody Terror". Unfortunately, he also spent his free weekends stuck in mediocre crap like this so-called "shocker". Directed by Carlos Aured and produced



by everyone's favorite schlockmeister Sam Sherman ("Satan's Sadists"), this film certainly is a letdown. First off, don't believe the vid-box from Super Video (RA?), with a bare-chested guy getting tortured by a pair of dominatrix, because IT NEVER HAPPENS! Instead, this turns out to be less a gory horror/sex romp than a mock-Hitchcock murder mystery...It starts out mildly enough (and continues that way throughout), with Paul N. hitchhiking his way across the countryside. He's an unemployed drifter, and wouldn't you know it, he promptly runs across the local Mansion of Nutso Broads. Three sort-a-beautiful sisters live there--one is confined to a wheelchair, another has a metal hand and the third acts like a red-headed Spanish Fly addict. The first half is Solid Snoozeland, but when blue-eyed, blond-haired young girls from the village start popping up dead and mutilated (their eyes are torn out), the sisters to blame? And if so, which the killer comes outta left field, and so

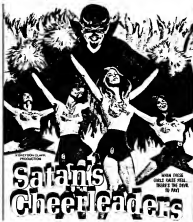
you won't have to endure this brainsucker, allow me to give away the 'surprise' ending---a psychiatrist has been hypnotizing the paralyzed sister, and under his power she walks around and chops up oung girls, in an effort to avenge the death of the Doc's own blue-haired, blond-eyed (or is that he other way around?) daughter...What did they do, make this shit up as they went along? It's a urky, slidshod mess...The gore consists of a few quick shots of unsocketed eyeballs being carried round and a tiny bit of blood splattering. The only reason to keep watching is if you're a Paul aschy groupie, because he really gets to strut his stuff in this Euro-entry---he stabs a guy during a fight, runs from the cops, gets his foot stuck in a beartrap, and Paul even gets to show off is girth during a couple of routine sex scenes. Truly, he's Spain's answer to Cameron Mitchell...cept for him, this flick is humorless and unexceptional in every department. A saddled yawn-alon. --Steve Puchalski

DISMEMBER MANIA (1974): Great title, eh? And the movie that goes with it isn't half bad either, specially if you're in the mood for some moderately sick and sleazy entertainment. Though it has ll the non-style of any recent made-for-video release, the plotline is played fairly seriously which is a nice change from all the self-mocking horror flicks (out recently) and it doesn't waste moment in getting its gray gears turning...Zoogy Hall stars as Albert, a brooding mental patient ho starts his day by ripping off a nurse's dress and nearly strangling her. Institutionalized for rying to kill his mother, Albert decides to finish the job by slicing a guard's throat and heading to his mom's palatial estate. Unfortunately, she isn't home, so he has to make due with thoroughly degrading mom's housekeeper---he forces her to strip at knifepoint, fondle her own breasts, nd sing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart". And when the housekeeper's cute 10-year-old daughter, Annie, nters the picture, Albert calmly makes friends with the little girl while her mom is laying naked a puddle of her own blood in the upstairs bedrooms. If you couldn't already guess, Zoogy is urned on by the little girl's "purity", so he decides to take Annie on a whirlwind courtship---e get a montage of them at a cutsy amusement park, walking along the beach, and he even takes her o a hotel for the night (the bridal suite, not less). Don't expect any jailbait sexual debasement

hough. The filmmakers might be scumbag panderers, but they never tread near that touchy subject depending on your personal level of depravity, you can decide whether it was a good idea or not). The ending loses its edge and drifts into standard slasher territory though, with Albert chasing its prey and the cops (led by an indignant Greg Kallavey) tracking him down. It's a pretty limp finale...On the positive side, the dialogue is appropriately overwrought ("You are a deformed sub-human creature that does not deserve to be alive!"); Zooley has all the psycho-mannerisms down pat, and his hairstyle would be the envy of Erik Estrada; and there's a really pathetic theme song called "Poor Albert" by Rocket Roden. Directed by Paul Leder ("A&P&E"), this may not be a horror classic, but it does have its genuinely repellent moments. It's fairly damaged fun...Oh, by the way, Albert never does get to dismember is rich-bitch mama. Shucks! --Steve Puchalski

ATLAN'S CHEERLEADERS (1976): This is probably director Greydon Clark's best film (which isn't exactly high praise. His other drivel includes "Black Shampoo" [ST#5] and "Joysticks"). and it has the type of washed-up cast that only a sleaze-fanatic could fully appreciate---John Ireland, Yvonne DeCarlo, John Carradine, and a full roster of barren-brained gals as the title characters...It all begins like any typical cheerleaders flick from the mid-70's---such as "The Pom Pom Girls", "Revenge of the Cheerleaders", "The Swinging Cheerleaders"---with all the girlies wiggling their asses in bikinis while on the beach. And just as a real life, the jocks are boring discodicks and the cheerleaders are arrogant dim-bulbs who are so flaky that they can't figure out how to open the hood when their car breaks down. But unbeknownst to everyone, in this California community here's a cult of satanists practicing their mumbo-jumbo, and the plot picks up appreciably when we discover that the stodgy old school janitor who all the students make fun of, is actually a loser devil-worshipper. Well, the janitor has the guts for the only blind in the bunch (Patti) and he kidnaps all of them on route to the Big football game---but wouldn't you know it, Satan himself (represented by a cheap red-solarization effect) wants blonde for his own. All this stupidity leads to a cross-country race for the cheerleaders' souls, because the satanists want the maidens for their weekly midnight mass and virgin offering...John Ireland plays the sheriff and Yvonne DeCarlo is his plumped-out wife, plus John Carradine gets high marks for his quick

appearance as a roadside trash-picker, once again pestating everyone else by realizing that he's in a crappy movie and making the most out of his lackluster role. He's a riot (for the four minutes he's on screen)...I have to admit that it's a lot of fun watching these peppy cheerleaders abused, but since the flick is only rated PG, you shouldn't go into it expecting the same type of tit-bount that most pom-pom epics have. There's a glimpse of skin, but nothing more, and though this film has all the ingredients of an exploitation classic---mobile femmes in skimpy costumes, hungry character actors, a quick pace, and a good title to boot---it's too bad that director Clark didn't have the good sense to crank up the sleaze level a little more. Sure, Yvonne gets ripped apart by dobermans, but it's all done offscreen...The whole production is ineptly filmed and about as idiotic as you'd expect, though any attempt at intentional humor falls flat ("Jesus Christ," mutters one character, to which the Head Satanist replies, "Close. But not quite". Sigh.). It's watchable, but utterly unremarkable. --Steve Puchalski



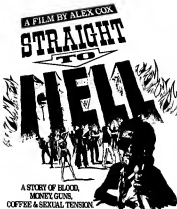
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AT AND RUN (1967): This is definitely the pay-cable oddity of the month. It's a terrible fucking movie, but it has one of the goofiest ideas I've sat through in some time. In a nutshell, R.L. Ryan the lardo from "Toxic Avenger" and "Street Trash" stars as a bald, 500-pound space humanoid who wanders around the city eating Italians...Now you might ask yourself, with a plot like that how could it be a loser? At the very least it should provide some dumbass laughs, right? WRONG, because instead of focusing on Ryan's cannibalistic alien, culprit---er---director Christopher Hart spends most of the time following Ron "No-Personality-Whatsoever" Silver around as a cop who's investigating the recent upsurge in missing persons. He's the type of genuinely unfunny comic character that

you'd like to see shoved headfirst into a vat of pigshit. But I guess the director thought Silver as a laugh riot, cuz this goofhead stinks up the screen for most of the 84 long minutes... Meanwhile, all we want is more footage of R.L. Ryan chewing up citizens (you never actually see him in-est anyone, unfortunately) and spitting out their shirt buttons. Ryan doesn't say a word as (get his) Murray Creature, but he's the only good thing in sight, especially when he's dressed up in his size-68 Boy Scout outfit, or licking his chops after a fresh meal. The rest of the film sucks, of course. It's slow, pathetic, and laced with so much lame, inept humor that I'm surprised Irons didn't have their logo encrusted on the credits...I assume they were trying to make a "cult" movie, but they left out all the essentials...No gore. No sex. No humor. No fucking way! --S.Puchalski

STRAIGHT TO HELL (1987): Alex Cox, the whacked-out director of "Repo Man" and "Sid and Nancy", has created the first Nutant Western, and I haven't seen such an indulgent hurlyburly since the late 60's, when films like "El Topo" and "Gas-s-s-s" were fashionable. So let's all follow Cox on a joy-

ride into the desert for a scattershot homage to Sergio Leone-style spaghetti westerns. Along with a full entourage of friends, they manage to twist up every stereotype and sprinkle 'em with grimy humor and random senseless death...Sy Richardson (the black dude from "Repo Man"), Joe Strummer (guitarist from The Clash) and Dick Rude (also from "Repo Man")---he co-wrote this "script" star as three amazingly imbecilic petulant hit men who louse up a job and take refuge in a rathole of a town in the middle of the desert. Along with a pregnant girlfriend (Courtney Love, who only whines twice as much as Chloe Webb did in "Sid and Nancy"), they join up with a scummy gang of coffee-addicted banditos, played by The Pogues. Soon we're getting bashed over the skull with every over-worked cliché in the Pastaland Old West Handbook---stilted dialogues, barren landscapes, hot-blooded senecitas, cold-blooded killers, and villains so greedy that they have to drool at the sight of money. Of course, Cox also tosses in a bunch of half-baked twists that'll have most Normal Audiences scratching their head in bewilderment---there's a nerdy hot dog vendor played by Zander Schloss (yet another "Repo Man" veteran), Elvis Costello is a creepy waiter, cult-director Jim Jarmusch turns up as a mob leader, Dennis Hopper and Grace Jones zip in as a pair of mysterious strangers bearing gifts, and at any given moment the entire cast can break into a solemn rendition of "Danny Boy". To top it all, there's a hilarious conclusion, with everyone blasting the shit out of each other while searching for a hidden cache of cash...Sure, "Straight to Hell" rambles all over the place, and it isn't even close to being consistent or successful, but it certainly looks like everyone involved had a great time throwing themselves a one-million-dollar party, and the feeling of spontaneity and general drunkenness shines through. In other words, it's a fucking mess, but I enjoyed it anyhow. As far as I'm concerned, any film with a separate credit for "Sex and Cruelty Consultant" deserves some type of respect...Recommended in particular to all the punk/hippie neo-western fanatics out there. --Steve uchalski



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ANTASY MISSION FORCE (19-7): Explosions 'n' the credits 'n' the star's name misspelled. I love it. o say this flick takes liberties with reality is like comparing "Gas" to "Laverne and Shirley". ackle Chan 'n' the misfits vs. the Japs. To introduce the misfits, the good guys show slides. first, an ad painting of Roger Moore with terse commentary, "007 is in South Africa, he's not available". Then we get a slide of Sylvester Stallone in boxer's garb, and Mr. Top Spy sez: "Rocky. his is a military action, he's not suitable." At this point I was gas-fawing selfrighteously splunge-ent into my beer. We see a lot of mid 70's cars in this 40's war flick. The going gets weird. ouncing silver trays. This Cantina-as-type moron dressed in a "hobo" outfit, throwing money 'n' pitting in peoples' faces. He insanely sings with a sloshing mouth full of food 'n' beer. Uncon-ected cut ups of fast moving violence. Lots of nice stunts. Stolen music from "All That Jazz". his live action cartoon sways violently as Jackie bites a fat man's belly 'n' gets his nuts com-pressed. A conning couple stage a drooling chug-a-thon taking time out to shoot a woman's clothes ff between brews. "I remember you three months ago in Buffalotown"--A Taiwan Elvis. "Do I look

like a liar?"--EL. Yes, and a cheap Vegas act. EL ties up his woman so she blows up his horse with bazooka. Hmm. Somebody's been watching a few commercial U.S. big money pieces o' shit. Speeded p Scotsmen in kilts? What the fuck? EL thoughtfully chucks his guitar when it doesn't get him the" girl. He has a soul touching moment as he looks deep inside himself and conveys his inner epths by saying: "I'll have all the girls I want when I have the money." Nasty gay jokes seem the ut for two misfits. A man gets a large arrow up the ass. He pulls it out. Lots of blood. "You hit!" The exploding huts of the scarf people. People are getting shot up at Tex Avery speed. In left turn out of nowhere the misfits are in a haunted house. The hopping ghost is a bold hop in-o a mudhole of stupidity. "I'm gonna sleep in the coffin. Wanna come with me?"--EL. Roasted hands ader silver. Bazooka vs. flying ninja ghost. "Relax. The bad peopls are always the last to die, nd do I look good?...Let's go in and kill all of them!"--Lily, EL's toolette. Pro wrestlers ressed as gladiators, waving flares and chained to beat up late-70's American cars with swastikas ainted on them. This is someone's fantasy. Not mine. After about five minutes of this driving round nonsense EL says to Lily: "You're really pretty when you kill." Mr. Butt-of-the-gay-jokes ets a sword up his butt, just when he finally gets a little lovin' from his man. Some kind of KKK oral? "I want you to give me children" sez EL to Lily just before they both die. Jackie kills bout everyone left (Jackie Chan is the greatest!). "You used them as cannon fodder." The cars get crunched by a bulldozer as more people die and everything blows up. "I don't know any generals, o me they look like clowns!" Jackie sez "a" rides off. Yea! --Mike Schafer

pair of pimps--WILLIE DYNAMITE (1974) and THE NACK (1973): As far as early 70's film fads go, one f the most inflammatory was the short-lived Blackploitation Pimp Flick. Protests abounded from lack groups across the country, accusing Hollywood of demeaning minorities by portraying their brothers and sisters as junkies, hustlers and whores...Nowadays though, looking from a distance of ver a dozen years, these films merely represented an offshoot of the urban action genre, similar o the gangster films of the 30's...One of these ventures was WILLIE DYNAMITE, which was presented

**Ain't no one crosses WILLIE "D"
He's tight, together, and mean.
Chicks, Chumps, he uses 'em all.
He's got to be Number-One.**



WILLIE DYNAMITE

is business, his car and his wardrobe. There's even time for a tearful deathbed reunion with his ospitalized mom. Sniff sniff...This is the type of claptrap that helped kill off the 70's blax-oligion, and it certainly killed off the careers of everyone involved. Gilbert Moses went on to direct "The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh", and Roscoe Orman gave up the big screen altogether and became a regular on "Sesame Street". Geeesh!...But on the other side of the coin, there THE NACK!

by Wonder-bred Richard Zanuck & David Brown ("The Sting"). Though they took the right route by hiring black director Gilbert Moses, it still didn't insure that the film would be without hideous stereotypes, cuz "Willie D." turned into a white-assed production that plays up every "Felt-Hatted, Cadillaced, Bad-Assed-Nigger" cliché in recorded history. Everyone's Black! Everyone's Bad! Everyone talks the way a cracker Hollywood scriptwriter thinks blacks talk. And what's even worse, the whole production is padded with badly-executed, moralistic bullshit...Roscoe Orman (a B-movie copy of Isaac Hayes) stars as Willie---a bald-headed bro in a funky set of threads, working the streets of NYC with his pack of prime-cut bitches. He's the biggest, meanest pimp in town, but when all the other neighborhood johns join together, Willie gets shafted and has to fight back. So for the entire running time, Willie gets the shit beaten out of him---his women are busted the moment they touch the sidewalk, his car is towed and the IRS even investigates him for tax evasion. To make matters worse, the late Diana Sands ("Honeybunny") co-stars as a do-gooder attorney who vows to bring Willie to justice, even if it means breaking every civil right on the books. Sheeit, she even tries to unionize his whores!... There's a moderate amount of action (a quick cat fight, some rear-screen car chases, a knifeing) and Orman makes a slick enough "hero" (you'll bust a gut when he steps out in his fur cape and matching fedora), but I was hoping for some serious conflict. Instead, all I got was comic book villains and a stock moral message. I'll bat the 42nd Streeters heckled this trash off the screen, particularly when Willie realizes the error of his ways and gives up

Max Julian stars as Goldie, and this flick charts his rise to fame and fortune, plus some of the lues he has to pay along the way. After refusing his mama's request to come to church, Goldie takes a crash course in Whoring 101 and winds up at the top of The Player's Directory. But Goldie's also a pimp with scruples---though he sells his ladies' meat on the street, he also lectures the neighborhood kids on going to school and getting an education. He can be kind, cool and considerate, or he can be one mean motherfucker, especially when white trash-heads try to buy him off. You see, in he name of No-Nonsense Social Consciousness, there's a local pair of honky cops shaking down the neighborhood, and ideologically they're just slightly to the right of the Triple K. So if you want o see these pigs getting their peasy butts drop-kicked to hell and back, that's just what the filmmakers give us. Yeah!...Sure, this movie follows a basic schlocky formula, but it's all pulled off with action, humor and (most importantly) the necessary bit of integrity that "Willie Dynamite" sorely lacked. It ambles a bit too much with black polemic, but there's too unexpected sparts of weirdness (check out the gang of pimps playing softball in platform shoes!) and enough grabass violence to keep anyone cheering. There's ynamite stuffed in the mouth, battery acid pumped in he vein, and when Goldie warns a competitor "I'm gonna low your heart outta your body, sucker", just before coking the guy in a car trunk with a bagful of hungry ats, I'll bet audiences were on their feet and ripping he theatres seats out of the floor. Plus, it doesn't lip to an end with some jive-ass "Just say no"-style rap-up. This flick is much too hip to go for the easy nes...Let's not forget the supporting cast either: oger E. Mosley is Goldie's brother, a righteous community leader, plus Richard Pryor stumbles around as oldie's best friend---he's fucked out of his face for he entire film and need I add, he's funny as shit. In act, come to think of it, everyone in the cast looks toned...It's all solidly directed by Michael Campus "The Education of Sonny Carson", "Z.P.G."), with musical contributions by The Sisters and The Uplight, and a wild score by Willie Hutch ("Foxy Brown"). Though it has its share of slow moments, The Mack is one of the best blaxploitation currently on video (or at least until someone gets ound to unearthing Larry Cohen's "Black Caesar" with Fred Williamson). --Steve Pachalski

THE MACK



"ERASERHEAD" meets "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD" on the set of "TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE"

—Tommy Vance, RADIO 1, England

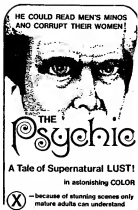


STREET TRASH (1987): Saw this on a double bill with "Surf Nazis Must Die" for \$2 somewhere in Cleveland--had me laughing out loud in an empty theatre. High points---let's see---There's a liquor store where all these bums get wine, and the owner just found a case of 60-year-old Thunderbird-type called Viper---one sip turns the sloop into a glob of multi-colored meltdown to truly turn any stomach. The big ass cop breaks up a Mafia hit---beats the hit man to a pulp---throws him in a urinal---and then vomits on his head! A particularly fat bum drinks some Viper and gurgles and EXPLODES!--in SLOW MOTION! There's a monster-sized Vietnam vet who sees Gook vampires in his dreams---carries around a knife made of a human femur---sticking it into everyone in sight---and finally gets decapitated from the shoulders down by a flying oxygen tank. The owner of the junkyard has a taste for fucking the dead bodies that just seem to pile up around the place and everyone wants to fuck the beautiful oriental girl who works there, but she only has a penchant for 15-year-olds. Mix this all up (I'm sure I'm missing something) in a bowl with some Gore Girls' styling---add the ugliest of ugly actors and lots of amputees and urinary humor and you have---THIS! Vex have good time! (Oh yeah---it also has a 5-minute hacked-off dick joke that would make Mr. Schafer proud). --Steve Shapiro

ANHEAD REX (1987): On the tail end of "Hellraiser's" success, out comes the video of Clive Barker's first film adaptation, based on his short story. Barker has publicly denounced this adaptation because it chopped out the subtler aspects of his tale and simply became your basic monster-on-the-ampage cheapie, but if "Rex" doesn't break any new territory or reach new levels of cinematic ignominy, it's still worth a few dumb laughs, but only if you're a fan of ultra-cheesy rubber-monster mayhem...Literally exploding out of the earth, Anhead Rex is a cross between the baby from "It's Alive" and Arnold Schwarzenegger, and he proceeds to drool a path across the Irish countryside. Oh, he's a slight all right, with his polystyrene pectorals, razor-sharp teeth, and buggin'-ed eyes that make him look like Marty Feldman's radioactive older brother; and he doesn't for one moment convince you that there isn't an underpaid stuntman sweating his ass off inside that director's suit. All you need is a zipper down the back to complete the picture. But if you can stop laughing at the costume for a few minutes, you might actually begin enjoying this flick on a purely sub-human level---because all Rex seems to do is lumber around, mauling and decapitating his victims. It's low on gore, but not bad as a cornball creature feature...David Dukes gets the 'honor' of playing the American-who-sees-the-creature-but-no-one-believes-him-until-it's-too-late, and onan Wilmot pegs the Laugh Meter as a geeky vicar who worships Rex, since it turns out that he's one kind of vengeful gaelic demon from the past. (I'll assume all this is explained thoroughly in the original story.) On the negative side, we get a bunch of telegraphed false-scares and there's n absolutely asinine ending that includes the type of chintzy special effects which coulda been scratched on the film stock with a straight pin. It's the type of rinky-tink conclusion that makes ou grit your teeth...Despite that lapse, "Rexhead Rex" is indisputably silly, but I still found t moderately enjoyable (emphasis on the moderately). --Steve Puchalski

THE PSYCHIC (1966): The video box for this film proudly calls it "Herschell Gordon Lewis' The Psychic". But don't be sucked in by false advertising---it was actually directed by Lewis' friend and colleague James F. Hurley, and the only creative aspect BGL was involved with was the photography. It really shows too, because this is nothing more than a 60's nudie romp, and it's a shitty one at that...Dick Genola stars as Dan Thomas, a loathsome lothario who turns into a psychic-seducer before our very eyes. One day he falls off his roof and smashes his head, only to awaken and discover that he's acquired amazing psychic powers that allow him to "force" women out of their clothes and into his bed, where he can fondle their "muffins" and exercise his one-eyed rouser snake. Extraneous subplots abound: His boss fires him, his wife bitches about his affairs, and he eventually tries the showbiz circuit. Will Dan come to terms with his "gift"? Will he return to his wife? Will he get laid? WHO THE FUCK CARES, because this is motel room filmmaking at its worst. Director Hurley wanted to make a serious look at ESP, but when he couldn't sell the film to theatres, he added a bunch of grainy sex-scenes to increase its commercial potential. It didn't help to make his abomination any more entertaining, though---it's all high ratios, low intelligence and unrelenting tedium. The bedroom scenes are tepid (they're also narrated, since they couldn't afford synch-sound), the cast looks bored, and the only person who looks like she had any fun is the blond gal who spends the entire film sitting on a bed in a bikini, licking a lollipop. By the time the Ebony-and-Ivory lesbo scene grinds along, you'll wish you had an empty wine bottle to bounce off Herschell G.'s skull for helping concoct this stultifying nightmare on film... At the end, Dan's power fades and it leaves him a broken man with no future (or personality). My heart bleeds piss for the shithead...Sure, I wasn't expecting a classic, but I'd hoped for at least a bit of fun. Instead there isn't even enough exploitation to make the rotten sections palatable. It's my pick as The Poopy-Head Movie of the Month. A time capsule that shoulda remained buried. Blah! --Steve Puchalski

EXTRAFINO CINETRO (#440, 11/4/87): Another 75¢ Mexican comic specializing in "mundo, del misterio, el horror, y lo sobrenatural". Luis De Medina has a stiff 60's Marvel style of drawing without the cool weirdness of a Kirby or Ditko. This week's episode is called "Muerte Por Hipnosis". Eye thought it would have some silly drawings of floating heads 'n' spirals 'n' stuff. The cover has fr. Hypno-blue sending out commands to the white blood w/the bloody knife 'n' the victim 'n' the spike heels 'n' a bikini...Inside. The cult. The wizard. The bubbling cauldron. Stonehenge. Etc.



A PESQUISA DE UM EMPREGADO, ALEXANDER SE ATREVEU A
CLAVAR COM AGULHAS A VÁRIAS GÊNTES A LA VEZ.



Not just the random horror cliché, but every object a tried 'n' true cheap symbol. Le Mente. Ocultismo. "¡EXACTAMENTE!" The 'occult scientist' and his student talk. The expected floating head, hands 'n' spirals. Good. Seema Miss White Model was a harem 'negra' in Africa. A guy on stage with long nails through his face 'n' hands. A woman has her glowing feet introduced to the audience. They clap as she walks across broken glass in her bare feet. In Spanish, bells go 'clan' instead of 'clang'. "¡Es perversa..." Dreams of cat-fights. A long nail through the palms of four people in mid-clap. "Suicide ¡Sob! ¡Sob!" Wiggly lines coming out of the student's fingers. He hypnotizes himself in the mirror, swirly lines abound, he walk in clocks, and then our hero.. DIES! Yea! --Mike Schafer

BEYOND THE DOOR (1974): From the boneheads at Media. Funny pretentious opening by "the Devil". URG. et's all hang out nude on the pentagram disco floor and listen to the DEVIL. "You must find a woman, that woman (points), you must find the child she is carrying in her womb, and you must rip it out of her womb!" These people know this is a coattails on the bandwagon of "The Exorcist" and hey have fun with it. Miss Possessed (Juliet Mills, slumming after her stint in "Nanny and the Professor"---Ed.) drinks from a Green Pea soup can at her birthday party (Dick Smith is rolling on his water-bed)(he's not dead at, you see). Even though it's shot in english it still seems o be dubbed. Kinda stilted. "Ken, what's the matter? You gotta top that or it's gonna blow my mind! Man, if you don't stop crying, you're gonna have a real bad trip!" And that was just a even-year-old talking to a four-year-old! I'm not sure if this as made by someone really inept or someone with a sense of umor. "He'd gobble seaweed all day long if we let him!" BAD uisic, but trippy backwards bells, voices, 'n' stuff in the oundtrack. Miss Possessed goes insane. Yea! She eats a dirty anana peel and performs one of my favorite symbolic acts: wisting the heads off dolls. She gets some cool double-meaning lines to scream. Fun menacing tray scenes with the Nanny. It's ruly funny when she just moves her one eye. Meanwhile, Miss ossessed is acting more like she's possessed by some street ur-hin than the devil. "Come on you filthy pig, lick divine boar's oit." She carries two cans of green pea soup in her american lag lunch box. Green vomit accents mommy's pink bunny fur .J.'s splendidly. What? A plot twist? The priest already sold is soul to the devil? I get it, he's buying time on his rent-a-oul! Love the eyeball on the floor shot. "Jessica shows absolutely no cerebral activity at all," sez Doc twitching a wire-eaded mermaid. Where is the "Door" stuff we're supposed to go yond? Groovy wharf location footage 'n' mystical bullshit. I'm waiting for you inside the guts of this whore." About to ip the baby from her, Mr. Priest gets covered with cheerful lack bile. The characters haven't seemed to believe they could eat the devil throughout this flick. Beating on the belly of a reg-o woman, 'n' the baby is born with no mouth. I should have guessed this was Italian. I had a ood time. --Mike Schafer

TEND WITHOUT A FACE (1958): Originally released on the lower half of a double bill with Karloff's The Haunted Strangler, this is a seemingly common black-and-whiter that suddenly explodes during he last 20 minutes into full-blown monster-mania! Even though a large part of it slogs along, here's no way I can't recommend a film whose finale takes off into the stratosphere of Schlock, ith one of the best creature-concepts around...A mysterious death outside an American army base is uly the start of the unexplainable circumstances. It seems that there's an atomic plant nearby hat's generating the base's energy ("Take some more rods out. We need more power!") and there's enty of early hints that the radiation is to blame. You see, something small and very deadly has een chowing down on the supporting cast---grabbing their neck from behind and crunching down real and on it---and since the monsters are invisible, the filmmakers take their sweet time in showing hom off to us. They're undeniably nasty little critters though, sucking out their victim's entire



rain and spinal chord from two tiny holes they bore in the back of the neck...But just as the film starts getting interesting, the middle section suddenly begins to plod along with a bunch of uneventful subplots---the townsfolk lead a posse, a crazy ol' professor salivates, and our army hero (Marshall Thompson) investigates. It turns out that a thought-materialization machine is to blame---a nutty device that gives form to thought and has created (with the aid of all that pesky radiation) a "mental vampire" that has to drain human beings of their brains in order to survive. And during the last reel we finally get to glimpse these "fiends" and it's definitely worth the wait. They're over-sized, antennae brains that flop about, with a tail-like spinal chord that twists around their victims' necks in a strangle hold. By the end, there's dozens of these things hanging from trees, scaring the cast, and jumping at anything that might have a brain inside its skull. They're creepy li'l shits, without a doubt... Luckily, they splatter when you shoot 'em or take an axe to them, and my favorite part of the film is the solid four minutes when the army schmoes gun down an onslaught of creatures that keep flying into their windows. It's all exceptionally gory, especially for the 50's, with some effective stop-action animation (not to mention loads of slime and ooze)...Arthur Crabtree competently directs, along with wonderfully sinister music by Buxton Orr, and even if the first hour is pretty mundane, you've gotta love that last brain-slaughter! The ending alone makes "Fiend" an instant classic from the 50's. --S. Fuchalski



SEX. POWER. MONEY. All in the name of God.



SALVATION! or Have You Said Your Prayers Today? (1987): This film doesn't really fit into the typical SLIMETIME mold, but then again, any movie that rips apart cathode-ray religion gets high marks in my book. In this case, here's a production that had the luck of coming along at the perfect time, while Bakker and Falwell were beating each other with verbal two-by-fours and while Pat Robertson spews his christian crapola in the guise of a presidential candidate...Directed by underground filmmaker Beth B., this low-budgeter focuses on Rev. Randall (Stephen McHattie), a slickahit TV evangelist who publicly denounces atheists as pawns of the Devil, and tries valiently to save the souls of those "seduced into secular humanism". But when the cameras are off, we see him as a paranoid greed-monger who thinks homosexuals are hiding in his front lawn bushes, writes his speeches while watching alldes of copulating couples and atomic blasts, and isn't adverse to beating and raping a attended 18-year-old girl who lands on his doorstep...But everything changes when we meet Exene Cerveau (from the band X). She's a housewife who sits like a rotted cabbage in front of the Rev.'s TV show---a true Zombie for Christ. Exene wants to sing on Randall's show, her scumbag biker hubbie wants to make some quick cash, and together they come up with a plan that erupts into sin, violence and blackmail. There's scatter-shot target-practice galore from Beth B.---A Bible between a woman's spread legs---A 20-foot cross with "Jesus Saves" in neon lights---"You could be watching the evening news, and the next thing you know, you'll be imagining your mate copulating with goats."---And everyone in the film is an unlikely awine. Thugs or slugs. Neanderthal dickheads or self-righteous zealots...It's all about the show business of religion, and though this film tries to be ultra-controversial, after all the PTL nonsense it takes a lot to be truly outrageous nowadays. The whole thing isn't half as scary as any ten minutes of Jimmy Swaggart, not one-third as hilarious as any Gene Scott tirade, and by the time we're given a heavy metal christian song (Complete with leather cross), we realize it's all too real to be funny...Not completely successful (I wish it had been a lot nastier), but I give it credit for tackling a subject matter that deserves all the criticism it can get. --Steve Fuchalski